

Woman's Page

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

DREAMS THAT NEVER LAST

"Why didn't you tell me that you played golf well?" said John, irritably, as he came up from the shower, an hour later.

"Why, John, you know we never once thought of golf in that blessed three weeks I knew you before we were married! And today I thought I would give you a little surprise."

"I don't like surprises," said John, "I will never do it again."

"And for fear that I may be asked to play tennis or enter a polo match or swim, hadn't I better tell you now, lover, that I do all those things rather well. I was active in all sports at Coronado last year."

"Well, if you do all these things as well as you play golf, you are all right," said John, in a rather mollified tone.

He left me to enter something cool to drink, and five minutes later I heard him saying boastfully to a group of men friends: "Yes, my wife is an all round amateur sports-woman. She was a member of the women's polo team at Coronado last year."

"She should be a champion," said Karl, "if she does all of them as well as she plays golf. Do you realize that she made the course this morning in 88, and even Bessie has never done it in less than 90?"

I could see John straighten up and in a few moments he came over with a very handsome boy in his wake.

"Kate," he said, "Eddie Milton wants to know if you will enter the tennis match next week which is going to be given for the benefit of the Red Cross?"

"Of course I'd like to," I said, "but isn't Mr. Milton rather rash to ask me to play unsight and unseen, as it were?"

"Not unseen, Mrs. Gordon. You never could be that," he said, with admiration in his eyes, and then he blushed boyishly at his own boldness.

"Say, Eddie, don't you think you are beginning rather early?" asked John with a pleased smile.

But I was very happy because I knew that I had made as good an impression that morning at the club as I had made a bad one the night before.

It only needed a conversation which I inadvertently overheard in the dressing room to complete my triumph.

"Say, Bess," said a woman's voice, "even you can't blame Jack Gordon for what he's done this time. Isn't she a stunner?"

The sound of Elizabeth Moreland's voice came drawingly.

"Yes, she's like all those athletic masculine girls. Looks well on the golf course. But you should have seen her last night! She was a perfect frump, my dear, a perfect frump! She came to our table in a very wrinkled blue tailcoat, when she must have known that we would all be dressed properly."

The other woman answered: "Bess, you are a jealous cat. Give her a chance. Perhaps her clothes hadn't arrived."

"I don't understand what you mean, Sallie," answered Bessie fretfully. "But you can make up your mind to one thing: Had I been foolish enough to become John Gordon's wife I certainly would not have allowed him to put me in the position she was last night!"

They went out the door and left me wondering a little as to just what position John had occupied in Bessie Moreland's life.

I didn't really think they had been engaged, because whatever John's faults, he has an uncompromising loyalty to his own code and I have heard him say a number of times that he would never wrong a woman in any way.

But still there was that ring! "I wonder if he really gave it to her?" I asked myself idly, dabbing powder on my nose. Not that I cared one way or the other—I was too happy today to care.

Today marriage was meaning to me just what I had expected of it. John had spent almost the entire time with me; I had impressed his friends favorably; he had given me an unexpected and most splendid gift and I had heard pride in his voice when he spoke of me.

I have sometimes wondered since why a woman cannot make these happy times offset some of the other times. I am almost sure that John Gordon is just an average man and I think I, perhaps, am an average woman, but certainly something is wrong with our marriage.

Yet, during the first three months of my married life, in spite of John's little idiosyncrasies which I found hard to understand, I was supremely happy. Even Madame Gordon had the power to hurt me only for the moment. I love to think about those times, and yet it seems like a dream from which, God pity me, I have awakened!

(Continued tomorrow.)

LONDON STUDENTS BEAT UP YANKEE PROHIBITIONIST

LONDON, Nov. 14.—William E. Johnson, the American prohibition worker and Anti-Saloon League organizer, who yesterday was dragged from a platform and badly handled by the crowd while making a prohibition speech, discussed his experiences with a reporter today. He admitted that when he was first attacked he attempted to fight off the crowd, but that when he found it was only a student's lark he entered the fun and enjoyed himself.

"The boys were all right," Mr. Johnson declared. "The police handled the situation well; if they had tried to force things a lot of people might have been hurt. I am sending this message to the students:

"You had a good time. I had a good time. I have no complaints, but if you want fun get into the game against the greatest enemy of the human race—drink."

Mr. Johnson hopes, when the injury to his eye is better, to visit the college and address the students.

The injury to Mr. Johnson's eye is a painful one and is said to have been caused by a missile thrown by an unknown person. He will consult a specialist today.

When asked if she liked the Dardanelles, replied that she simply adored them, especially when they were served with tartar sauce.

Many Stupid Poses.

Now of all stupid poses, none is so assinine as that of the pretended wiseacre. It does not take two minutes to strip his masque from him and show him for the silly impostor that he is.

The unitary become croppers the minute they try to attempt to discourse learnedly of technique and coloratura voices, while the first question to the globe trotter, who has done his traveling in imagination only, reveals him for the faker he is.

Yet we continually encounter these know-it-alls who go plundering along, making the most ridiculous mistakes by pretending to information they do not possess, and fondly imagining that they are impressing us with awe and admiration of a culture that is so transparently spurious that we can only laugh at it.

They do not know that intelligent ignorance is one of the most attractive qualities that any man or woman can possess, and that no other human being does such good company as the one who does not know the things we know, who has not read the books we have read, or been to the places that we have been to, and who listens with interest and comprehension to our descriptions of them.

None of us but what takes a secret joy in being Sir Oracle, and probably the people we enjoy most are those whose ignorance we can enlighten, to whom we can tell some new thing, to whom we can furnish a fresh point of view on some subject, and there is no sadder sound to our ears than their exclamation of surprise, or delight, or wonder over our revelations.

Indeed, if one were giving a formula for how to become popular, and be an ever welcome guest to your fellow creatures, one could sum it up in the admonition: Don't know too much. Let people tell you about what they have read in the papers, about the last new play, about Timbuctoo or Hoboken, or wherever they have traveled. If you've read the same story in the paper and seen the play, and been to Timbuctoo or Hoboken a million times yourself, don't let them find it out.

This requires self-sacrifice and patience, but great will be your reward. If it is a mistake for a man to affect to know it all, it is a suicidal policy for a woman to pursue. Especially if she wants to marry, for men still resent a woman's carrying a line of information on any thing but cooking, and babies, and matters that make for the ease and comfort of their lives and masters.

The chief charm that the average



The Tropics Send Cocoanuts To Make this Delicacy for You

Where the warm tropical sun shines down on tall palm trees, the cocoanut is recognized as a delicious food and it is served in a great variety of ways. You yourself know how good fresh cocoanut cake is or cocoanut cream pie. Now you can enjoy this food in a delightful new way.

Gem Nut Margarine

is made from creamy white meat of the cocoanut, from peanut meats, and from the richest pasteurized milk, and is seasoned with the finest dairy salt. Every ingredient is fresh and pure.

Yet this delicacy is really very economical. Spread Gem Nut Margarine on your bread and use it in all your cooking.

The largest distributors and manufacturer of oleomargarine in the country make Gem Nut Margarine, so you may be sure it is excellent even before you buy it.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Premium Oleomargarine
Best Natural Color

Manufacturers of

Snowflake Oleomargarine
Best White Brand



Dorothy Dix Talks

THE CHARM OF IGNORANCE.

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

This is the age of the educated and the near educated when everyone knows it all—or pretends that he or she does.

To be ignorant on any subject seems to be regarded as a sort of disgrace, although the field of knowledge is so vast and illimitable that no one could be expected to cultivate it all. The best that the most intelligent of us can do is to delve in our own particular little patch, and to admit that all that lies beyond is a vast and unexplored terra incognita to us.

This frank admission of our intellectual limitation does not meet with the popular approval nowadays. The Solomons and Mrs. Solomons whom we daily meet in society consider that in order to show the higher culture, or in their geography as the lady who,

culture with which they have been vaccinated, has taken properly upon them, they must pretend to omniscience.

Speak to them about the latest book and they assert that they have always read it, though they cannot remember what it was about, or whether it was a poet or a humorist, or whether the book in question was a six best seller or transcendental philosophy.

Talk about old china and they give you to understand that the study of it has been a life passion with them, though they do not know the difference between old Spode and the dishes from a ten cent store.

Talk to them of travel and there is no place under the sun they have not visited, although they may be as mixed as the average

INFORMATION BUREAU

Notice to Advertisers—On and after April 1, 1919, business directory advertising in The Standard will be \$1 per line per month.

ANYTHING New or Old—

ANYTHING—A to Z—new or old—bought, sold or traded. Phone 333.

Books and Stationery—

Bramwell Book and Stationery, 2562 Washington Ave. Phone 360. 4052

Banking—

Utah National Bank, southeast corner Twenty-fourth and Washington. Phone 61.

Counselor-at-Law—

T. R. O'Connell, Ogdén, Utah. Legal advice by mail. Write me the facts. Phone 393.

Carpet Cleaning—

K. Van Kampen for upholstery, carpets cleaned, altered and laid. Re-making of mattresses. Phone 2752-J.

Expert carpet cleaning, mattress renovating, upholstery, and springs restretched. Call E. J. Hampton, Ogdén. Feather Renovating. Phone 2586-W.

Chiropractor—

Owen W. Halverson, D. C. Res. Phone 1036-W. 701-122 Eccles Bldg.

City Scavenger—

McCarthy & Co., 2734 Grant avenue. Phone 2018-W.

Dentists—

The New Method Dentists are specialists in all branches of Dentistry. 2469 Washington. 2208

Drain Tile for Sale—

Intermountain Concrete Co. Twentieth and Lincoln avenue, Ogdén, Utah. Phone 2088 and 487. 2510

Read the Classified Ads. Read the Classified Ads.

Engraving—

Ogdén Engraving Service Co., makers of fine cuts in gold or more colors. 416 Twenty-fourth street. Phone 463.

Foot Specialist—

Flat feet, corns, etc., corrected. Fry Laboratory, 320 Hudson Bldg. 2283

Fire Insurance—

Charles Eisenberg. Phone 1859-J. Calendonian and McAligan Commercial Standard Insurance. 1976

Hay and Grain—

Hay, grain and poultry feed. Bell Bros., 311 Twenty-third. Phone 2845. 2100

Hides, Wools, Furs—

O. M. Runyan, 2269 Wall avenue, pays top prices. Phone 731-W. 1628

Junk and Hides—

Western Hide & Junk Co., 2223 Washington Ave. Phone 861.

Ogdén Junk House, 2059 Washington Ave. Phone 210.

Key Fitting—

Key fitting and lock repairing. Hudson Repair Shop, 2469 Hudson. 5797

Life Insurance—

W. C. Stewart, special representative of the New York Life Insurance Co., 44 Lewis Bldg. Phone 717. 2463

Painting—

Paper cleaning and tinting. New Wilkinson. Address rear 738 Twenty-sixth street. Phone 1620-J. 2457

Printing—

All kinds of job printing. De-Nateboom Printing Co. Phone 1166. 2198

Read the Classified Ads. Read the Classified Ads.

Physician and Surgeon—

Dr. A. Fernlund, Office hours 11 to 4 p. m., New Peery Bldg., Hudson Ave. Res. Phone 646. Office phone 1900-W.

Real Estate and Loans—

Willard Kay, real estate and loans. 2174 Washington. Phone 409. 1874

Scavenger—

Garbage and rubbish hauled, cesspools and toilets cleaned. John Cripp & Co. Phone 828. 2345 Hudson avenue. 5735

Sanitary Work—

Sanitary Garbage Co., all kinds of rubbish hauled. Phone 829.

Sewing Machines—

We rent, repair, carry needles and parts for all makes of machines. White Sewing Machine Co., 2273 Washington avenue. Phone 2831

Taxidermist—

Let an expert taxidermist mount your game heads or specimens, make fur rugs, tan your raw furs. Walter Gilmore, 819 East First South, Salt Lake City. Phone 2846. 952

Tents and Awnings—

Ogdén Tent and Awning Co., manufacturers of high grade store, office and resident awnings. Waterproof covers, bags, etc. Anything in canvas. 2268 Washington avenue. Phone 2861. 1624

Vacuum Cleaners—

Phone 2582-J for vacuum cleaner \$1 for 24 hours, sterilized dust bag. 5974

Windows Cleaned—

Expert window and wall paper cleaning anywhere. American Window Cleaning. Phone 968. 2370 Washington.

woman has for the average man is her ignorance. He likes to pose before her as an authority on literature and art, to expound world politics to her, to elucidate the mysteries of finance to her feeble feminine comprehension, and he can only do this to one who herself makes no pretensions to all embracing knowledge.

This is why little coy-eyed girls, who gaze awesomely at men while they talk and murmur "how wonderful! How wise you are! How can you know so much! You must have read every book in the world! have their pick of all the best catches, and can marry all around their high-browed sisters.

They are the wise virgins who have played the charm of ignorance to win And it does it.

Therefore, let us never be ashamed to say that we do not know. It gives other people the chance for which they have been hoping and praying to tell somebody the things they do know.

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